

BLUSHES

ISSUE THIRTY SIX

Cover picture from a forthcoming issue of *Blushes*




Warning

This magazine is not to be used
as a source of information.

It is not to be used as a source of
information for the purpose of
advertising, including, but
not limited to, the purpose of
advertising.

Copyright © 1999, Blushes, Inc.
All rights reserved.



BLUSHES 36



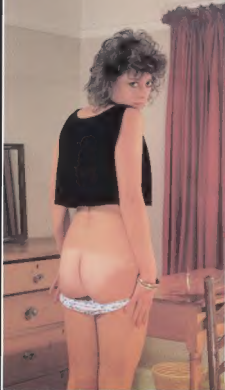
CONTENTS

The Guest Room
Susan In Trouble
In An Englishman's Castle
Join the Dots
In an Englishman's Castle
Feedback
Mr Balcher Strikes Again

Published by: Broadway Editions
43 Lower Ashcombe Road,
Croydon CR8 4PQ

All photos are posed by models, professional or otherwise, over the age of 18; none of the contents of this magazine are intended to condone or encourage illegal behaviour. Stories and articles represent fictional situations only; reader's letters should be regarded as independent comment reflecting the writer's views alone. All material in this publication is of UK origin.

THE GUEST ROOM



For the second time in a week, Sarah was sent scurrying upstairs. Her mother gave her the usual curt instructions, "Into the Guest Room, young lady. And put you get yourself ready." The girl upstairs immediately, knowing that tonight would almost guarantee another same punishment. It was bad enough already. Swearing at her mother was quite inexcusable. At the top of the stairs she turned to the door on her left and opened it, stepping tentatively into the bright but bare room. She could already feel the stammy cold sweat on her forehead and her hands, just thinking about her punishment was bad enough. Knowing that he would be really strict with her this time. The second time in one week, and by no means the first time she had been wanted about her language.

The Guest Room was neatly decorated but sparsely furnished, but the essential items were there. Particularly the toilet in the centre of the room. And the small set of drawers. She was always reluctant to open those drawers, knowing to inspect their contents. Time was ticking by. Sometimes he returned to the house quite early in the afternoon. And if Sarah wasn't absolutely ready, he would get really cross. In any case, her mother would be up in a minute or so and there were preparations to be made.

Already experiencing the first twinges of fear, the girl reached down to slide open the first of the set of bedside drawers. She drew out the single thin stick of red soap, and placed it carefully at





one end of the table. Quickly, she lifted the single bedroom chair into the center of the room, close to the end of the table. Suddenly she heard her mother's footsteps in the hall. With fumbling fingers, the girl reached for the waistband of her pants, unclipped the belt and unrolled them, hurriedly tugging the light garment down over her hips. Little white knickers followed, to reside around the very top of her thighs. And then, obediently, she raised her hands to place them on her head, as she stood, smartly upright, her feet together, facing the table and the lipstick, her mother's footsteps were now clearing the staircase. She would know her fate very soon now.

Her bottom, the bare flesh resting to the stool as, felt suddenly chilled. That would soon be corrected. Sarah dismounted and undressed her bottom chest-draped anticipation.

Her mother entered the room, her eyes immediately searching for the lipstick on the table. And then she looked up and down her daughter, checking that she was ready. "Good." The woman moved the upright chair slightly and sat down, patting her lap. Quietly, not wishing to provoke her mother in any further way, young Sarah draped herself across her mother's knee. (The second time in a week, isn't it?) Sarah felt her mother's warm palm resting over the summit of one of her bottom cheeks, riding its first helix. "Yes, Mother." And after a firm warning about your language, young lady! Again, the girl agreed quietly with her mother. She could feel her bottom wobbling slightly as her mother patted it almost steadily. "Well this time, you're going to get a thrashing you'll never forget."

Sarah, her face close to the bedroom carpet, bottom riding high over her mother's lap, her long legs dangling ungraciously, felt the movement as her mother leaned over to take the lipstick from the table. Sometimes, Sarah could guess the result. She would close her eyes and imagine her mother, and the lipstick pressed tightly against Sarah's bottom. There was always a little pause while the woman uncrossed the lipstick, and then "a cold touch, in contrast to the warmth of her mother's hands, holding her, undriving her wobbling bottom cheeks. The room was silent. It took only a second, and then Sarah was told to stand up. Without another word, her mother left the room and returned to her downstairs work.

As soon as her mother had reached the foot of the staircase, Sarah ran across to the mirror. Anxiously she twisted her neck and stared at the image of her bare bottom. "Oh bloody hell," immediately she bit back her tongue, realizing how easily she could resort to swear words. There in the mirror, two figures clearly written in red lipstick, one across the summit of each bottom cheek. On one, the figure (1); on the other, the figure (2). Sarah's long legs threatened to buckle as she







mouthing the numbers: 'Twelve strokes! Twelve strokes!' Last time, her mother had ordered nine strokes, and that was bad enough! She had danced around the room as a wild obscene dance attempting to exonerate the sting of the nine. Now twelve strokes. She just wouldn't cope with that. Tears were already weling in her eyes as she returned the books to the top drawer and the chair to the side of the room.

Next it was the second drawer contents. Inside, her outfit, carefully folded. Qrip and dean. She lifted out the garments and placed them on the table. And then she undressed, first her sandals, and then her jeans. Then her blouse and her ankle socks. And then finally her bra and knickers. Naked, she stood by the table and carefully folded her items of her attire, building up a neat pile of clothes which she placed in the drawer.

Her punishment dress was simple and effective. In that Sarah felt so dreadful standing there before him, as he walked around her, just a white tee shirt, and the brief, white, knickers through which he could see the shadow of her dark bush. And the wrap-around skirt which, more than anything else made her feel as though she was back at school. She shivered quickly, well aware that the time was passing by. Even now, he could be turning the corner of the street, approaching. She prayed fervently, as she always prayed,



that he had had a good day. Twelve strokes of the cane would be dreadful. But applied by an angry man.

In the corner of the second shower she found the hairbrush. She knew what its cold curved back, smooth and hard. In times past it had been tucked firmly and frequently across her bottom. In the perverted hands it was a fearful instrument of punishment, but now it reverted to its other use. Now, at eighteen, Sarah had graduated to the cane. Quickly she brushed out her hair, knowing that he would inspect her, instant but she looked well-groomed. Once he gave her an extra stroke, because her toe-nails weren't trimmed to his liking. And her socks clean and white. She checked quickly in the mirror. If her hair looked at all unkempt, then the hairbrush came out again, to be applied across her ever more cane-stroked her bottom cheeks had already received.

She never felt really ready for him. But there was nothing else to do right now, until he came. In silence she would have to wait for him, on her own, up in the bare empty room. She walked over to the window, where from behind the curtain she could watch for his arrival. He would be walking, as usual. A brisk smart walk, reminiscent of his military services. That's why he liked her to stand as if to attention. Perhaps it reminded him of his service days.





The girl says, "Look... Please, Mr Manson..." Her attractive voice has an anxious, urgent edge. She is a very pretty girl, a blonde with thick, wavy hair the colour of ripe corn, tallish and slim in a tight-waisted plaid-grey towel cut. Her long legs which show the stems of sheer nylon stand on white high-heeled court shoes. She is clutching a white leather handbag in tight fingers which also indicate the same air of anxiety and apprehension. Mr Manson... Mr Manson is the man sitting behind the desk, a desk-top's width from her. He is perhaps 50 and thus some 30 years older than the girl who has been summoned here, with smooth grey hair and a handsome face. He is in shirt-sleeves and tie, but it is an expensive shirt, the cut of James Street, the dark, firmly knotted tie of woven silk. The girl's plea gets only a cool, appraising look.

"I really... have to go," she adds, nervously shifting her weight from one high heel to the other in the manner perhaps of one who needs to visit the bathroom. The movement causes the towel skirt to tighten attractively across her buttocks, which with her slim waist, appear fuller than mere slender buttocks warrant.

Mr Manson this time gives a little smile. "You don't have to go anywhere, Susan. You are not going anywhere. Not and I say so." He smiled again. "Tell me..." A pause so that her attention will be fully engaged. "Tell me, are you wearing knickers?"

The cool question out of the blue has its perhaps intended effect as colour rapidly flashes into the girl's pretty cheeks. The full-tipped mouth, pink-lipped, opens for an involuntary intake of breath. Her weight shifts again onto the other white shoe. Hands clutch the handbag. "Look," she gasps out, "I don't have to..." But what she doesn't have to do falls off into nothing. "You can't..." This too is left without foundation in thin air. Clearly this girl does not regard herself as on any sort of firm ground.

"Can't what, Susan? Don't be so indecisive. But if you mean I can't ask if you have knickers on, well quite clearly I have. And if you don't answer in five seconds I shall simply take your skirt off so that I can see for myself. Five seconds beginning now."

"T... Yes." The word pops out almost immediately. There is perhaps panic rising.

SUSAN IN TROUBLE

"That is better, Miss. Now, what I want is for you to take those off. Do that please."

The pink mouth opens. She swallows. Her pressing need to leave is now forgotten in the face of this shocking request. She weakly shakes her head.

"Do a, Miss. Do do you wish me to bring someone in here to hold you while I do it?"

The girl makes a despairing whispering sound but evidently she is not in a position to argue with what might be thought an unanswerable instruction. She places the handbag on the desk and her hands go to the towel skirt. Lifting it and the pink slip underneath. The skirt is full, pleated, so it is possi-



him to do what she has to do without fully lifting it, rest it on the front of your knee, and there is also the desk holding those machine sections. But before furnishings. Standing. Standing upright again. A brief garment is bunched in one hand.

Put her on the table. And then come, stand here.

A little pile of crumpled pink nylon on the edge of the polished wood desk. Her frantic eyes don't know where to look. The long narrow legs aren't wonderful clearly, as if not fully under her control, as the corner round, to where he has reclined. Next to him.

That's better. Susan. Now, tell me, why is it that you have to be off in such a hurry?

'I, I've, got to see, my fiancé. We arranged. Oh I can't be I understand. Susan. When you're free when you get yourself into. Maxon?

She swallows, her eyes catch Mr. Maxon's and look away. Her gaze focuses on that little pile of pink nylon on the desk, there seems to be nowhere to look.

Just your legs. Miss. Your feet upon a little bit. She lifts her lip, and shuffles her feet. Perhaps. They move about 12 inches apart. That's it. Keep still.

Mr. Maxon's hand has reached out. Up under the front of the tweed skirt. Not the whispers. Stand still? Susan. Why do I have to keep repeating myself? I should have thought, with the trouble you're in, you would be doing everything, I tell you immediately. Trust?

The hand has slid up between her trembling thighs. Up to the top of the stockings where there is warm bare flesh. Please. she says.

Just keep still. Susan. I merely wish to see. I mean you just possibly might have had two pairs on.

His hand is right there. Right up between her legs. The air-covered wall of flesh with its center split. The girl's legs are trembling but she has kept her feet apart. Her hand has gone out to the desk, though, for support. She is making, faintly, gasping sounds.

Yes. All right. What is your fiancé's name, Susan?

His hand is still there. A finger is tracing along the crease between the legs. It is moist, slippery.

S. S. Maxon.

Susan and Susan eh? Here sweet.

Mr. Maxon is at last taking his hand away. He is no longer doing that impossible thing which has had her thinking she is going to faint at any moment, or perhaps her legs will simply collapse to send her slithering to the floor in a jelly-like soup. He has stopped. He is standing up.

'Right. You can go and see Susan, Susan. But first I am going to come you. To give you something to think about until tomorrow. Where would you like it?

Her mouth opens, to make a meaningless sound. One unspeakable thing has stopped but another. I am going to come too.

You can have it on your bare bottom or you can have it on your hand. Mr. Maxon is walking over to a cupboard. I don't mind. I shall make it last which ever you decide.

She wants to blurt out that he can't. He can't come here but of course the truth is that he is in a position to do whatever he wants.

Mr. Maxon has the cane now. Her wide eyes focus on it and draw away. 'Yes, Susan? What is it to be?

Her eyes have again found her backdoor. she hears herself whisper. M. M. My hand.



Mr Maxton smiles. 'Surprise, surprise, eh? Hold it out there. Flat and firm and don't move it. We'll have two on each. But if you don't keep it still I'll have to repeat them.

Her eyes big as saucers, she holds her right hand outwards, palm up, at chest height. She is already making little whimpering sounds. Mr Maxton measures the distance. Raises the cane.

TWO, FIVE.

The solid meaty sound is followed by an instantaneous scream of pain. Susan is clutching her hand which feels as if it has been cut in two. Her mouth is working, opening and closing as she tries to come to terms with the horrendous pain. Tear-drops well out from the corners of the big blue eyes, to trickle down her cheeks.

Does it hurt? He inquires mildly. I remind it to, of course. You've got to suffer or you won't appreciate the seriousness of your situation. Now the other one.

No! There is no possible way she can hold her hand out to another like that. Or so she thinks.

Made a cast, Mr Maxton's voice is firm and steady. Oh I'll bring someone in here to hold you down while I cast the daylight out of your bare bottom. You've got five seconds.

Her left hand somewhere comes out. It is held there while Susan makes a low moaning sound and the cane swings up and claps down. As the last morning it is put away and the hand moves but the cane is too quick and whips an scream pain into fingers.

You almost had to have that again. Susan.

Mr Maxton's voice is calm and disinterested, as the girl writhes, bent double over her fiery hand, her mouth open in a soundless scream.

* * *

I couldn't help it, she stomps into the phone. I am sorry. I had to work here. Her voice sounds funny to her as if it is another person speaking. At least she isn't crying out at the moment. But the tears are still there, and far away and ready to come flooding out again at any time. They did it the last time coming here and she had to quickly blow her nose to disguise it. Oh God!

Simon is going on, not content with her explanation. Couldn't she have phoned him before? She thinks, and looks at her hand. It still throbs and you can still see the two marks one across the middle of the palm, the other half palm, half fingers. Her other hand is just the same. Even the thought of that stinging pain makes her feel sick. And there is the thought of tomorrow.

Simon is suggesting that he comes round. No! she says quietly. No. I've got a headache. That at least is true. But the fact is she doesn't want to see Simon, or anyone. He will quickly see the state she is in and guess something is wrong. And her hands. He'd probably see her hands.

Tomorrow then. Simon says. Oh God. Tomorrow. Tomorrow there is Mr Maxton again. Mr Maxton has no friends. This is only a start, he said. That stinging cane. That other awful business before. He still has her knickers. Just a start. But there is nothing she can do. So she has no choice.

* * *

Not Mr Maxton's office this time. It is a flat. Mr Maxton's flat or it could possibly be someone else's. She doesn't know. He hasn't told and of course she hasn't asked. Why has he brought her here? To cane her again? She shivers. Very likely. But yesterday he cased her in his office, now he has brought her here. She at least has phoned Simon. Managing to pick up the courage to ask that when Mr Maxton said he was taking her somewhere. Mr Maxton, with a quizzical little smile said, Yes. Why not? Poor Simon.

I have to work late again. I am sorry. Simon, answered, asked how long. She didn't know. She doesn't know. As she





new skin on the tumor in this room. Mr. Maxton has gone into another room. Just a moment. And then he'll be back. And then they have come in Mr. Maxton with a red figure. Drawing out of it he gave her his umbrella to carry. Inside it, with the red sticking out, was this case. Which has juster day left those red marks on her hands.

He is only a few minutes. Mr. Maxton has taken off his jacket. So he can swing the case more freely? His little uncle. Well, Susan, are we ready to begin?

NO! she blurs out. I can't. Not again. Not this case.

Not this case? Mr. Maxton is sitting down next to her. What does? Something else? He takes her chin in his hand, turning her face to look into the big blue eyes. Something else. Susan?

She swallows. She is afraid she is going to cry. Something else is probably worse than the case. If that is possible.

Anyway, Susan, it is not going to be an easy hands-for-day. It is going to be an easy hands-for-day. That is really the proper place to name a girl. On her side, side, woman, woman.

She is going to cry. She can feel it. Mr. Maxton.

He had leaves her chin. Stand up. Take your dress off. And you stop. Suppose it is a girl like that, isn't it? Let's try.

Standing. There is no choice and there is no point arguing. Unzipping her dress. Lifting it over her head. Then the slip. She does have a shocker on, although Mr. Maxton has yesterday's pair at his desk drawer in the office or somewhere. The brief shockers are gone, like yesterday's. They reach the stay-stopped suspender belt and the belt is the going to have it.

Mr. Maxton has got up. He is holding the case. She must be down on the sofa with her legs over the arm and her head down on the floor. Mr. Maxton is standing down her ankles.

She wants to scream and that she doesn't. Maybe she is, strictly, death, certainly she is, in a better state, it is almost as if it is something else, something else, the state of the case with her bottom bare. Something else and she is watching. Watching as Mr. Maxton carefully lifts the case. Swings it back and forward.

THW-APP

A real scream this time all right. The girl on the sofa herself. As the case impacts and the fern-shooting push-it-glides up through her into the shock waves of a bomb.

Don't move, Miss. Mr. Maxton's barbed continued. He is pulling her arms behind her back, holding her two wrists there.

THW-APP

Like the case across her hand it feels as if it has landed her on two. This one slightly lower than the first, on the floor, not far underneath. She can't talk that pain. It is not possible.

THW-APP

But there is no way to stop it.

THW-APP

How many? She doesn't know. Five, or ten, or twenty. They are swirling all rolled into one. She can't stand but Mr. Maxton is holding her. He is pulling her knickers on down, bending to take her shoes off, and then her knickers. She can't really see, not properly, her eyes are full of tears. He is taking her arm. They are going into the other room. It is a bedroom.

A bed.

Mr. Maxton pulling the cover back.

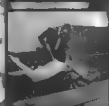
Her poor bottom is still burning, on her.

Mr. Maxton is screaming that yellow silk be.

Underneath the splendidly crisp shirt.

Come on, Susan. Let's see what you're like, shall we?

Let's see what you're like with Susan.







IN AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE

It is a substantial brick house, on a street of similarly substantial houses. They date from the 1930's, probably when space was not at the premium it is today and houses could be built with a lot of elbow-room. Their plots are all of something like an acre. And the builders too, in those days, they knew their trade and were not slaving in time or effort. One would have no task at this back-work for a very long time to find any fault with it. And the roof, the open white window frames, the cast iron rainpipes, all show English craftsmanship. The garden, like all the others on this leafy street, matured after an 50 or so years, is neat, well-kept behind its substantial hedges. Substantial for we are looking at middle-class suburban England where a certain privacy is an essential virtue. The casual passer-by cannot peer in and observe the middle class suburban Englishman at home. But if he could.

In there, that French window. The middle-class Englishman clearly dreams utopianally at home. Alone, a short-sleeved shirt, sandals, reading a newspaper. The Telegraph no doubt. And is here the next window. Oh, what. Well, it is unexpected to say the least. But an Englishman's home is his castle. He can do

Mr Winder glances up from his newspaper. Are you standing there, Amanda? Were and close?

She can feel the burning heat of the electric fire on the backs of her legs. On her bottom. She can't see Mr Winder but she can hear him well enough. He is just round the corner in the other room, with the door open. It is hot. Her voice is nervous. Too hot I'm burning.

You will be burning before I'm finished with you, my girl. You won't want to sit on it. And it won't be because of that fire. You stand close, do you hear? If the son of those teachers can't really sleeping when I come in, then.

Mr Winder lets his sensitive tail off the throat, whatever it was, instead, as he catches his rusty of the racing force. Amanda bares her lip. A soft full lower lip. In a really pretty face. Defined so short between curls. A sensitive face, young looking, the face one might imagine, although in fact Amanda is twenty 21, of a girl untested by the world's trials and tribulations. Perhaps that is why she has been made to stand here in front of the electric fire with her dress held high to expose her knicker. Part of a laughing game. That fire and of course the dress.





It is the cover that Amanda's blue eyes are fixed on as she watches feeling the fire's hot rays tangling the backs of her legs and her bottom. The waves and the fire are inter-related as in a mathematical equation: $a + b = c$ constantly. Or so she thinks. If Mr Winder decides her bottom is not hot enough from the fire he is going to give her more of that wave. Whereas if her bottom is hot, well possibly, the heat of the fire is burning, like lying in the hot melting sand on a fifteen-metre beach but this burning is not to be compared with the heat that the waves will impart. So if the equation is right and if it is constant it is in Amanda's own interest to take as much of the fire as she can. She experimentally edging back a fraction, a centimetre. The trouble is it is a very hot climate she could actually be burning. As this exposed flesh which is pressed to the fire as the sands with her dress held high round her hips.

Amanda has stockings on but they are lowered halfway down her thighs. There are white stockings with a suspender belt and the white nylon knickers are below the tops of the stockings. Her bottom is thus quite bare as also are the upper parts of her thighs. And the stockings, of course, have no fireproofing whatsoever. It is no good the heat is seeping, the fireworks the stockings will probably be burning into holes at any moment Amanda has to edge forward again. As little as possible. Thinking about Mr Winder as he sits just beyond the open door. And trying the waves.

He has placed it on the floor. A child's wooden high chair with a screw-down raised back. The wickered seat is a cushion to rest on the ground. Mr Winder has edged his torso. Amanda is going to get that wave and she is going to get it kneeling up on the cushions. Her mouth opens in an involuntary grimace, showing pretty white teeth. The heat of the fire. And the prospect perhaps even more. No, the prospect definitely worse. That wave. She has had the waves and knows what it is like. It was unlike you feel sick. But she has not had it like this. With her bottom already warming from the fire. Every nerve now tingling with intense sensitivity and then. It doesn't hit. Thinking about. Thought of course Amanda is thinking about it. She gives a little gasp. A moan. Mr Winder sees those looks up.

Are you sure you're alone, girl?

I am. I am. It's killing me. The yelps. I think I'm going to faint or something.

If you faint, Amanda, I'll throw you in a bath of cold water with a bucket of ice thrown in as well. That'll bring you round.

She makes another whispering groan. Please.

Mr Winder puts the paper down and gets slowly to his feet. Amanda's eyes flicker (in a frightened child's way) as he appears. Looking to the waves and then to the man sitting. Mr Winder. But this moment the burning heat on her bottom and legs is forgotten.

He comes close. Puts his face inches from hers. Please Amanda? I'll give you please, my girl. He goes means behind her. Feeling, Amanda can sense his face almost touching her hot bottom. Her mouth opens in a silent scream. His hand is putting.

Down. Are you? Cooked enough, girl? Down to a past yet? His hand on the hot bare rear of Amanda's top. And then inside, in the narrow space between her thighs above her stocking tops. And what about you? His voice, slow?

The stifled whisper. Mr Winder's hand is sliding up between her legs. As far as it can go. That oh. Amanda? His pants. He rubs her there. Her most sensitive part.



Her breath gasps out. And then a spasm as the fingers sharply pinch a segment of sensitive inner thigh flesh. A sharp wince on her twisted features.

"We'll give you a bit longer, Amanda. Get you well and truly done first. How about that?" Stared closer. "We'll have 10 minutes of standing next and close. After that I think we can proceed."

Mr Winder is going back to his chair. Amanda is close a couple of inches. It may not sound a lot but so close as she is it can make all the difference. Between being just able to stand it... or not. She surreptitiously shuffles her feet. It feels like she is being burnt alive.

Mr Winder. I'm burning. A frantic little voice.

Nonsense! He does not bother to look up. "You're just weak, Amanda. And I'm making you men and strong."

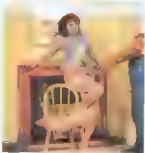
Don't you dare move. Or else.

The heat is impossible. The scuzzes is shuffled forwards a little bit. Mr Winder won't know. Or so she fervently hopes. Ten minutes. How many of them left?

Mr Winder had still down on his paper, says. "Two minutes, Amanda. Then we'll start. And I know exactly where your feet were. So if you've moved a millimetre forward."

Oh God. She says. And don't start shuffling back now. That will make the offence twice as bad. Don't on top of death. He looks up. *Don't move a hair's breadth, girl!*

Her heart is galloping like a manicheist. No doubt is part is an attempt to cool her overheated flesh but also because she is dead scared of that voice. And dead scared of Mr



Wonder: Who is now paring down his paper again and
 saying to his feet: And so on.

As I thought, you wicked deceitful girl. His hand sharply attacking her burning bosom. Cheating. Oh dear me. We are going to have to give you a real going over now, isn't it?

On Good, Mr. Winkler is packing up the mouse. Beckoning her. She sits at last a safe way from the wrenching heat but there is a sudden urgent need to pee. If she can't she is going to wet her pants. Like a writhed little kid. On Good. Squinting her eyes, her burning bottom. Mrs. Winkler is up at once. Running, or feels like in "She Gets Her Own." Mr. Winkler is, promising with the mouse at the counter in the back chair.

1. I need. It is spring to come out. "First, I have to" "Have to. Arranged?" Mr. Widdler has dropped bodily to his feet. "What's wrong, at this, at this?" "You can't connect your bodily funds to me?" "You are going to be well-rewarded?" Is that it?" He is starting at her. But you, friend, who then fire

"I Amanda squares again, stuffing her weight down over my to the other. She is still obviously backing her up at Barbara at her waist. It just confirms to me that I am the one who is going to have to deal with this."

I think you're trying it on. Mary: No, indeed it is her business, her burning hair. We've got this heated up... the towel. I think this is simply another trick to cheat the routine I've arranged for you. You think if you go in the bathroom and get a wet flannel on your hot skin... when you come back the towel can't seem to stay

As she says, I do need to fix a dresser. Squaring her bones together, it really does feel as if the can's held it. And it's empty—wrecked seven years ago. A shiny seat patch on the carpet. That would be worse than the live worms that the house

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

MR. Winkler: Making herself part of the equation together knows Mr. Winkler is here, standing in there. A departing wall. His carrying that right there. If I let you go, Amanda was the back in here and standing over another from that time. Is that understood?

Yes, she gasps for anything scrambling out with her plant still held high and the lowered headlights point in through the trees. He asks her when home, not looking at the grass. In the darkness she just makes it. The shock is to the point that he has "never" had from that. Goodnight.

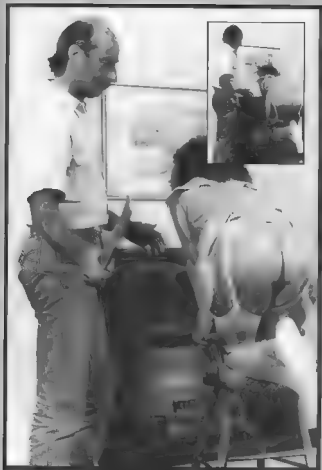
Back in the orange life Wonder means it. And not two minutes later says, "See! Her! Her!" Her behavior is disturbing even the Aunt who usually for the second time, he tells her he is ready. Now the tower. Oh Jesus. She again looks the urge to go to the lake. Cribbing her teeth. She can't dare ask him. And there can really be anything, she is just born. It's only nature. Because she is such a blue soul.

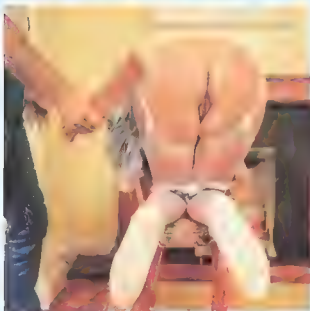
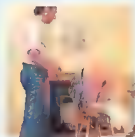
Standing there, Enduring, with little moving creaks.
 M. Winder has moved the chair to close, used to her
 almost touching. The tree is right there. She could reach
 out and touch it. A split-fingered length of thick leather
 To be whipped down on her bare bottom. Oh Christ, The
 chair, the tree, the immediacy of what is to happen, in
 next serves to consciousness her mind. The urgent thought
 that she has to go to the dog again has disappeared because
 all she can think of is being abandoned. Oh God

Alce: Mr Winder. Are we ready then? Moving her to the table. Out of the direct heat of the fire at last. Mr Winder has the chair moving it closer to the fire. Just about where she was standing. Gloriana is here.

Will you be able to tell me what you mean by "the world"?







Mr Windsor can afford a job. He is enjoying that. Every moment of it. He is smart kind of action, no doubt, probably enjoyed when he knew he could save her for two whole days. He tells her to turn, and pin her hands on her head. He is doing something behind her. Pushing up her skirt, making it so that it stays up at the back. So that her feet bottom supports exposed. A language slip is the language French makes her give.

Washy then, answer? A hot burn but no gut to be a lot better than that. He gets the cushion of the chair.

He used this chair before, the other time when she came, was sent just for the afternoon. She didn't know he meant it then, couldn't believe he really meant it. But then when sitting in across her leg, once twice in quick succession and then a third as a note for such rapidly corrected her. Amanda doesn't read any convincing now. Mr Windsor will do whatever he wants. This day. And that time, she is not here just for a short after noon visit. It is.

She does what he tells her. Gets on the seat. Holding her skirt up in front again now. Kneeling. Bending over. Lowering her head down in front of the fire. It is hot on her face and her bottom is red, burning there, he says. The words. Mr Windsor that it is his home. Bringing it at close under her face. She can smell the mahogany when he is bending over her. His other hand is on her bottom. What it Amanda. Kiss the strap.

The heat is making the snug, satiny small straps. And something else, which has previously been rubbed in it, is making it supple, and deep in that smell too. And with her head down like this. A runaway sensation. Mr Windsor is pushing the strap against her breast.

A proper job. Amanda. Put your tongue out. A nice French kiss.

She makes herself, feeling really sick now. Her mouth open, her tongue at the center. Mr Windsor's hand is on it, on her foot bottom. Now sliding down.

Hot, are we, Amanda? Hot, are we?

She closes her mouth still open. His hand is going between her legs. Let's see if we're hot in here. His fingers.

Oh yes. She's hot all right. The fingers begin working her. Amanda tries to move her feet away from the runaway table and arm, of the first leather but he keeps it pressed there. His face comes closer, at her ear.

I know what you'd really like. Amanda. You'd like me to bring you off, wouldn't you? You're all hot and ready for it. His fingers are sliding in and out. Yes, that's what you'd like. You wicked girl.

The hand comes away. Mr Windsor straightens up, taking the towel away from her face. Amanda is gaping, almost, crying.

Naughty, wicked girl. Well you're not getting that. We'll have none of that business. What you're getting is the strap on your bottom. Come on.

The towel flicks in back. Amanda's hair-scratching strap on the coin rope chair. The open.

Come on then. Get your bottom out a bit more. Good a nice big target. And don't you move it. You know this is all for your own good. Amanda. You'd appreciate that, hope.

The strap comes on again. A harder one. She really is happening, now. An electric, hot tingle across the depths of her bottom.

You do know that, Amanda. Let me hear you say it. You're off-gaping, moaning. She's upstairs screaming. What Amanda?

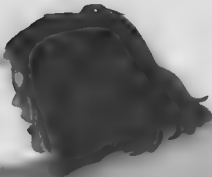
Ohhh. Yes.

SPATT! Yes, my girl.



JOIN THE DOTS





My little boy is just a year old. I don't know
how old, but you'll get a good idea of
how old he is when you see him. He's
a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

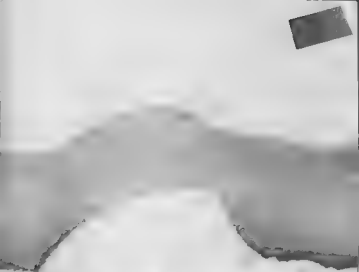
He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

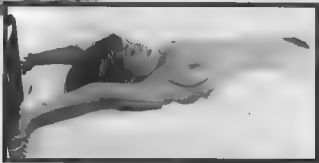
He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.

He's a little boy, and he's just a year old.









It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall. The ground floor apartment was at least a quarter of an acre wide, and it was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.

It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.

It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.

It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.

It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.

It was a good thing I caught it, and when I saw it's light that it was really smaller than I thought it was, so I put it back up on the wall.



FEEDBACK

Dear Sir,
Over the last few months your magazine has given spiritedly in-depth of other rival magazines and I wish to congratulate you especially on *Shades* issue No. 34.

As for *Art's Sale*, story of Charlie/Charlotte was quite superb, except it obviously stood out for some time. I may be wrong, but it would appear that you can write articles containing language scenes providing you do not portray them in order to conform to legal requirements. For example, "The Story of O" is fairly regularly on sale as a paperback in W.D. Howells or other book shops and contains portrayals of 'O' in bondage and being whipped.

Could we therefore look to *Shades* again to publish stories such as the "Charlotte" one to save 14. Also, actively, could we have a place on *Shades* (without bondage) to discuss the story starting from Charlotte's bare chested arrival, which as I say, I thought superb.

One final request, could a *Shades* 1989-1990 photo calendar feature an outdoor "stripping" in a wild or fantasy scenario.

Keep up the good work.
David J. Harrington

PS: David - sorry (P)

Dear Sir,
I have just collected my copies of *Shades* 33 and *Shades* 34. I have 22, perhaps the following comments would be of interest to other readers of your excellent magazine.

I feel that in the *Shades* 33 *Tania* should have been named as *Vanessa* (New Supermarket 22) and told to sit on the toilet and wipe herself as this would have been truly humiliating to her.

We all know how nerve affect the

mind, so although it has been proved at court there must be more readers who have a procedure that means there are no accidents.

In all your stories, girls are told waiting in anticipation of punishment for some considerable time. Therefore it is only logical sooner or later one of them will beg to be allowed to go to the loo. If so they must be surprised as she may be just using this as an excuse to delay punishment.

An additional barrier, is the shaving of all pubic and anal hair so that everyone who has to perform a back body fondle and often has to have pussy ate is worried of her punishment.

Perhaps some of your readers should be shaved.

I also agree with A.M.'s letter in *Shades* 34 about punishment. How about a story of Customs & Excise at a Foreign Airport conducting a strip search for drugs.

Chris removed and examined

has removed, arms and legs were examined for marks.

Kathleen removed, she is bare and told to put her back against the wall for a sexual examination.

Chris the week. She was told to be ready.

Because you has been found to give the choice of a punishment by the Customs Officer or of being locked up in a Foreign prison.

I am sure a story along the above lines would be of interest.

Yours sincerely,
John W., London

Dear Sir,
Although not a regular reader of *Shades*, I have bought the recent special issue and also Uniform Girls I have to admit to liking the earlier copies which seemed to feature more readers' letters.

In Uniform Girls I you have a good article on New Champions are made, but the girl who is wearing black slip-on pleated and having slipped with the heel of a white shoe is not pleased. She should be wearing the white and feeling the black on her bottom. The slip on pleated are much lighter and tend to sting more than the heel slip ones as my wife will testify.

When I discipline my wife we have to look to school uniform during which time my wife dreads and sometimes a schoolgirl. I pay particular attention to her wardrobe, even to the point of checking every item has a name tag sewn to it or is named in the case of shoes etc.

The punishment weekend starts Friday evening at 7.30 p.m. and continues until Sunday evening.

She has a uniform of blue blazer, white shirt and matching, white pleated skirt, brown tights and a top between 9 am and 4 pm both Saturday and Sunday she stands school lessons including a PE session, a school country rap, an essay written and will have a thorough medical examination. To give the medical examination as the schools nurse and as well as shaving her pubic hair completely, I give her a 3 part essay. During her to make the morning ready. It requires me to persuade her with what 'nurse' calls 'Miss Singer'. My wife had a pair of the bedroom window, and by removing all of the fabric I was left with 2 blue pleated sides. These I scrub together with erasable and when applied to a hard bottom the effect is wonderful.

Her weekend kit included a shirt, blue trousers, white, blue and green shorts, white socks and

white placards for PE and soccer games. I don't remember being told to do these things either and I don't believe I ever did either thing.

She drops in prison and wears black slip on placards when in prison but not at home.

Although she may be punished by being and shipped during PE to encourage her to do better the physical punishments are given by the headmaster as warning and during punishment periods.

For morning periods she wears her PE kit and carries her satch from black placard which will be used on her third lesson.

For evening periods she wears pyjamas and the black placards during periods is usually at night the last other but the evening it is not more formal.

First she is lectured and then stands with hands on head behind a chair the first a few talks on white then a black slip on placard, a white placard, a white satch bag, a yellow bag, a headband and a towel.

After a while she is encouraged to bring her school satch and stand over to give the front edge of the placard. She wears an I satch to the table and across the top of the placard. Depending on what I select there can be a white satch or her bottom. After the she receives an satch she places the satch back on her head and moves down against a wall at the rear, her feet having to touch the satch board. After less than a minute her feet shuffle and I take up a different placard and with a slip to her bottom encourage her to move her feet to the wall. I continue to push on that she can be punished for the way; 15 minutes not to move. The slip on an satch she receives in this way can sting a lot more than the original punishment.

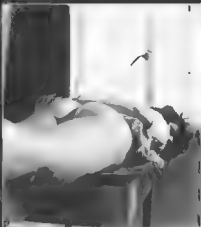
This sort of weekend happens to my wife once every 3 months or so and you may wonder why she does it. The answer is simple, once a month for the other 4 months of the year we change roles and I go back to school. To save having two weekends, however, I become a schoolgirl. The punishments I can take; in having to sit out on the cross country run as a bit of a hickory bit that worries me. Although we drive away from home 2 hour car day sessions will be kept too.

From the
From the



THE GUEST ROOM

[illegible][illegible]



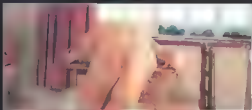
And
pol-
way
And
dis-
loca-
a
with
ed o
She
but
stro-
Two

[illegible]

ed up around her feet. Then the jacket slid off, revealing for the first time to the



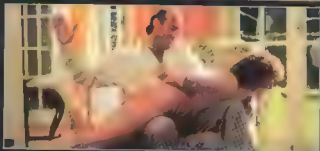


[illegible]



IN AN ENGLISHMAN'S CASTLE

The Englishman's Castle, a large, multi-story stone building, is a masterpiece of English architecture. The building is surrounded by a lush garden with many trees and flowers. The castle is a very old building, and it has many interesting features. The castle is a very beautiful building, and it is a very important part of the English heritage. The castle is a very large building, and it is a very important part of the English heritage. The castle is a very beautiful building, and it is a very important part of the English heritage. The castle is a very large building, and it is a very important part of the English heritage. The castle is a very beautiful building, and it is a very important part of the English heritage.



Working her, a whispering noise. "This is what you like, is it, Amanda? This is what naughty, wicked girls like." She can't help it, her legs are responding to the hand. Thumping rhythmically against it. Because of everything that has, that leaves her over his lap being spanked. She is in such a state that she can't help. It is getting worse, more intense. She hasn't any control. She can hear herself moaning, a moan of anticipated release, and then—

Mr Winder has stopped. He has taken his hand away, just as she was about to go over the top. Another of those jarring cracks to her bottom, only this time, with its shock effect at that very moment, is much worse. He is pushing her to her feet. Once again, he stifles one of the moaning, though this time for a different reason, her legs would be capable of supporting her. She holds onto the arm of his chair, Mr Winder coldly saying her,

"Yes Amanda. A wretched, wretched girl. Another note of that kind is coming for you, don't you forget."

She doesn't say a word. Her whole body is shaking. "Go and get the liquor now. With a mean old drink."

"Thank you. Just a moment. Let's see if you can sit in a more comfortable position. Like some's faithful friend. She slaps on your hands and knees. Go on, Amanda. Go down. That's it. Now go over like that hands and knees. And bring it back like my faithful friend Winder used to bring my Telegraph. In the morning, thank you, Amanda."

~~~~~

She is climbing up on the high chair again, up Mount and noble woods and the blue-forged white sheet. The short red skirt was removed before she stood in front of the fire and so were the knickerbockers. Amanda's bottom is as hot as the first time. Really scorching. She jumps on to the back of the chair. A little whisper as Mr Winder's hand touches her trembling bottom. She shivers in the hand caresses the burning cheeks. His voice is silky, like the cat's.

"If you weren't such a wretched girl, Amanda, you wouldn't need any of this. You wouldn't have to suffer any of this business. And I wouldn't have to give it to you. You don't think I enjoy all this, do you?"

A stammering, unintelligible sound. Even if Amanda were capable of clear speech at this point there would not be much of an answer to Mr Winder's statement. "Do you think you can try and improve, my dear? Otherwise, as I've told you, your mother said I was to keep you here as long as I thought











# MR BALCHER STRIKES AGAIN

Our little functional room. Mr Pearling notes the sign says *Mr Pearling* in the other side of one of those facing doors, the one next to the chest. The room is as before, the same simple functional furniture most noteworthy as which is of course the daisy triggered wooden horse. That horse which revs and is central to this room's primary function. On closer inspection though, not all is unchanged. The notice board to the right. At the top it still says *Sharon Smithfield* it is clock and *June & Margaret* 1981. These notes should have been wiped off now, they are clearly redundant, referring as they do to events of two days ago but by some oversight — or it could alternatively be described as downright idleness on the part of Mr Balcher within whose purview wiping of notice boards falls — it is not. Below these appointments the note of Sharon's evening visit of that same day — *Sharon Smithfield*. It is clock — has been retained over but again not properly wiped off. Mr Balcher does seem to be going from bad to worse. His routine duties simply at times ignored as he pursues what interests him around this place. And what interests Mr Balcher tends to be centred on one thing. Those appointments refer to two days ago. There have been other notes which perhaps have been marked up on the notice board in the overnight lull. And there is today. Now *Sharon Smithfield* again.

She is here, sitting on the horse. Chewing her self lower lip in a reflective thoughtful and it could well be apprehensive manner. The fact that she is sitting on the horse would at least indicate that she has not been chased or brushed in the very recent past. Otherwise she would choose to stand rather than, as it is perceived on that shapely rear. Which is neither dead as the clanging plastic trolley that Mr Pearling likes to make girls wince nor as it is the skin-tight cotton shoes, heavier than this, that he prefers for a treading. Sharon is wearing ordinary — rather brief, pale blue nylon tights. And a loose T top.

It is 2.05 pm. Sharon has naturally checked the notice board but, as we have seen, everything up there is out of date. She has an appointment with Mr Pearling this afternoon but Mr Pearling said 2.30. That is what she clearly remembers but just before lunch Mr Balcher came rattling up and said it had been changed: it is now at the earlier time of 2 o'clock.



Of course Mr Balcher must be making a mistake — it is trying to push her as he delivered this information and indeed according to getting his own hands on Sharon — but fighting him off and with the next seconds — that as it shall be put on her — days ago she did not question it. But now she is wondering. She should perhaps have checked. The trouble is that she doesn't want to go to Mr Pearling anymore. He is so, he is getting it so far off and all the rest but Mr Pearling will not be happy if he is missing his time. Can I ever understand when you can't give a simple message 'Mum' that we'd better have a double check, don't we?

But perhaps she should have checked anyway. Because there is this other thing what she is wondering. Mr Balcher also said, 'functional dress. That's not a card. This carding and munging to get her two a row, in her hands, and his other hand clucking up the front of her thighs to

the pouch of her knickers. But there is dress tracks to do. That's not a card. Mostly struggling to get away from his hand right there immediately after he had grasped her titts. Sharon was not concerned as to whether Mr Balcher could have simply made it up. Not then. But she is thinking that now. Mr Pearling never gives a punishment in ordinary knickers. Never. She should have gone to him and asked. And then she could let go Mr Balcher in trouble if he was talking to her. But on the other hand.

It is 2.05. Mr Pearling wouldn't be five minutes late. And so. The door opens. The welcome form, the stability form, and memorably the wary, watchful eyes, yes it is Mr Balcher. Closing the door carefully behind him. Sharon grips her teeth. Mr Balcher must have tricked her. The last.

He grins at her. 'Sharon, are we are then.

You said, she blinks accurately



You said Mr Pearing said Look

What did I say? Mr Bulcher cracks his head on one side. I don't know as I recall. But you girls are always getting things muddled up. Ah, I know why. Cos all you can think about is wat you got durtie between durtie pretty eyes. Eh, eh

Sharon ignores this typical horrible remark. But I shall tell Mr Pearing. And what did he say... but he didn't say wat this. She turns towards the door. I'll I have to change. You're just

Listening Mr Bulcher, waiting on durtie to be done, waiting to grab her. The other door and it's really go anywhere except into what is usually Mr Bulcher's territory: the bedroom, and his little nook. That's wat where he gather up his te table and put a cloth of that mottled red on her

You should have seen Mrs County Sharon. She had a big nose, from a fall, a cold, probably got her off when they were married. I wanted

Sharon to think it was an old, old woman, but it is ridiculous. It's Mr Bulcher who has to have got her into a state, how is it, waiting to get to the door without a word, water with Mr Bulcher. But it is not possible. It is they taking home, an at first it

is a true. Look at that Emma. She's wat got all the time, she's been whopped. Ah, that's it, she's been from the side, she's been in a room, around the... and a word to Mr Pearing. Ah, I think you're right Bulcher. I'll say about that

Get off. She is struggling away from her hands. What he says is ridiculous, but it is true that Emma doesn't get a lot of punishment. Sharon says to her like herself or maybe not, but then perhaps that's because Mr Pearing likes to punish only the prettier girls, or then again, perhaps it's because Sharon and Janet are younger than some of the others, both being not yet married. Get off, she jumps again. Let me go. But Mr Bulcher is not letting her go. He has got a firm grip on her now, she is squeezed hard up against him, unwillingly breathing in the odour that you get in close quarters with Mr Bulcher: a mix here essentially of old pipe tobacco and subsequently washed clothes and person. It is an odour that can be overpowering and as well Mr Bulcher has got her top yanked up at the back and is groping her bottom. And in addition there is the inescapable fact that Mr Pearing is going to come in and find her unreasonably dressed. Mr Bulcher's mouth is close to Sharon's ear

You take note, my girl. Ah, he smells

Sharon manages to get her face free from the stinky old jacket. Her voice is desperate. Look, let me go. I've got to get changed. And then, maybe

Come in an see me then? Ave a nice cuppa tea. Ah, a nice drink, that. Mr





Blutcher's voice is sugar while one large hand is still pounding her bottom on the skinny nylon machine. Which are not the right hands for Mr Pearling. Awful Mr. Pearling and awful, awful left Blutcher. But Mr Blutcher doesn't want to take her to one attorney. It was one thing, and when was in the middle of one of Mr Pearling's manings, a double dose, and you think you're dying and there's something you wouldn't do to get out of it. It will be a double dose if Mr Pearling finds her as here dressed like she is. Mr Blutcher has tried to get her into his room before. For a nice dipper. Only it won't be for just a cup of tea. Sharon knows that. But if he could do what he says. She doesn't believe it but it's true about Emma. And now, if only she can get out now. It took a take five minutes. Mr Pearling said it's coming at 2:30 like he said. And if she can just get along many skin-tight nylon shorts on, well, at least it will not be a regular evening, not a double of even a double double.

Yes. OK. she says. Anything to get out now.

But time has already slipped by and also Mr Blutcher is not long to let go of her underwear. When he's finished one of them and got a piece of it in his big claw hands, at that critical point, there is a strong disinclination to let go. He is always not concerned if Sharon were to get a double dose. But Mr Pearling, he will make an excuse to wander back through it to make it. To, instead of Sharon's signature, sweater and the sight of her red-striped bottom will, as usual, be highly stimulating. And it will serve to concentrate her even further. To prevent any backsliding now she has finally said yes. Not of course that Mr Blutcher does have any influence with Mr Pearling, not a positive influence as he claims though he can get girls into extra trouble, but they usually reach a state when they will clutch at any straw.

So when he does finally leave off it is because it is almost 2:30 and he knows Mr Pearling is only a moment. Sharon, looking in despair at the clock, feels like weeping. Her tormentor, with the air of a man who has important duties to perform, is going over to the chest to check its contents. Helplessly Sharon adjusts her knickers which have been partially dragged down by Mr Blutcher. Right on time Mr Pearling enters. He looks hard at Sharon's attire.

Everything's alright, yes, Mr Pearling. Mr Blutcher, the trusty and hard-working junior underwear. Mr Pearling agrees, yes.

Can you tell me exactly why you are dressed in that manner, Miss?

Sharon's mouth opens and closes without making any sound apart from a idle squeak. She could tell on Mr Blutcher but he is still here and would surely deny it. And Mr Pearling would anyway ask why she has chosen to leave





to refresh which completely contradicts well-proven regulations. As she stands dumb he picks up her top and tees those pale blue knickers underneath.

Oh, young woman? What is the meaning of it? Mr. Pearling's eyes are angry, and he's had enough when he's not angry. Sharon's dress is a direct challenge to authority. Gerts is made aware the tight plastic cut-through knickers as a reminder that they are under strict censure, that Mr. Pearling directs their lives. And what are the shiny, tight cut-away-thin cotton shorts which are his preferred wear for a censure. Is this ordinary T-top and those equally ordinary knickers there is no control, no sense of submission.

Right, my girl. We will do it if you can. He caught a moment, a moment of my time waiting to draw to your attention the number of cases I have had to deal with you recently. He has the punishment ledger open and therein is at her face. Lord, look.

Mr. Pearling snaps the book shut and puts it down. Mr. Batchler try now has stolen out. Sharon is stifled with Mr. Pearling. Who has gone to the front and hasn't a sorry looking face.

Put down down, wrong wrong. Get those things down. We'll start you off with a dose of this.

Mr. Pearling is going steps to sit on the bench. He is going to strap her over his top. That lasso can be put as bad as the cane in the bench and reduce with the way Mr. Pearling is obviously feeling — at least he's teaching her a real lesson — it could well be worse. Come on! he barks. Get them down and get over here. His words.

Oh Jesus, Sharon's hands clench up at the steel knickers which only minutes before Mr. Batchler has been grabbing at.

Pl, please, she wails. As she steps forward with her knickers flung down round her knees. Sharon is thinking again of Mr. Batchler. If he really could get her off this — even get her off some of the whippings — it would be worth anything.

Getting down over her top, Mr. Pearling angrily jerks up her top. There is Sharon's bottom bare above the blinding pale blue knickers. There seems to have a similar effect to a red rag with a bull. He grabs them further down until the knickers are hanging between over one ankle. Then grabs Sharon by the scruff of her neck.

Right, young lady. Let's give you something that you'll feel for once. Shall we?

He can't do it any harder than what in two Sharon has had in the past. That is what she thinks. With the whip that comes down across the centre of her cringing, quivering naked.

SLATT!

The sound is like a rifle shot. Echoed by an almost instantaneous piercing shriek. Sharon's body is automatically jerking, jolt, jerking. It is only the loud







gripping her neck and a handful of brown curls that prevents her rolling straight on to the floor.

"Foot that did you?" Mr Peabody does not wait for an answer.  
"SPILL IT!"

The second is just as bad. No, it is worse, landing as it does partially across the throbbing line of the first stroke.  
"Noon," T. Sharon gasps. "No more."

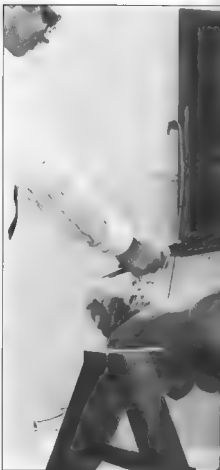
But there are more. Oh yes, Mr Peabody gives a fierce grip on Sharon by pulling one of her arms behind her back and by clamping her wrist. And then he really gets going. Kicks that follow after that. The room echoes and re-echoes on the sound of this gunfire and the thunderous augmented thuds. It goes on and on. And when at last Mr Peabody pushes Sharon off his hip it is not because he is finished but merely wants a change of position. The shaking, wet-faced girl is so he is on the floor now, lying on it. On her back with her legs in the air. Don't worry. Mr Peabody will use the device. He has his hold of the raised legs in one hand. While with the other

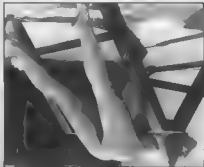
"SPILL IT!" and "SPILL IT!" and "SPILL IT!"

Halfway through and with excellent timing — though this timing is not so remarkable when it is remembered that the door has a keyhole — the unprepossessing figure of Mr Butler slips quickly into the room. Some essential duty requires him to cross into the other corridor. He takes his time to his tip-toed entrance to Mr Peabody's room. All eyes of course on this truly irritating spectacle. My word. It is clear that Sharon will only need a gentle reminder of this so insistent door in her banging on what she has finally agreed.

Yes. Twenty minutes later he is stepping back into the room again. Mr Butler has his breaths this time. Just in case and for dramatic purposes only. But he knows, from keeping his eyes sharply open, that Mr Peabody has just left. He has finished with Sharon. She is still there. Trying to make the major effort that is required to get her clothes on and leave. It requires an almost super-human effort to do anything over state-of-Sharon is made apart from socks and shoes. The last part of her paraphernalia has been carried out with a hush and in the night, heading over the house. It is now at last over and Mr Peabody has left and she has nowhere to dress and leave herself. And here from somewhere is Mr Butler.

Talking to her. His voice sympathetic, coaxing. Mr Butler of course is only after what he wants, he is not really concerned. He is naturally grabbing again with her having no clothes on, and Sharon is in too much of a state to resist. And almost certainly he can't do what he says, exert influence with Mr Peabody. Sharon knows he can't really. But nonetheless Mr Butler is saying a word. And she is saying "OK."







Mr. Bachelor says Sharon is still on knickers off. Now she is bare, in his words, no more. It is not quite his usual. It is an old joke as being over the threshold. Sharon is upside down on it as your hair and knowing you'll do anything for the chance of getting out of this. Being here in Mr. Bachelor's and watching little room which contains various bits of discarded furniture, not least of those items being the threshold stool on which Sharon is now seductively lying with Mr. Bachelor. There is also the table, reminder of that awful thing he did ten days ago. I don't say this now, something while the moment, but it is this which is of many direct conveyor items. Sharon: It is clearly Sharon. Mr. Bachelor's room is also very hot, so hot because it is next to the boiler. And there is of course Mr. Bachelor. All over her. Grabbing. 'Go off,' she says for the twentieth or hundredth time, but without effect.

'If you're too hot, Sharon, take your knickers off. We can go to your room.' 'Penny Adams. Look I can't stand another year here. A little bit of privacy.'

'I think I'd better go,' she says. The thought is not nice, it is horrible. Mr. Bachelor smacking her bare bottom. But if that were all he wanted, it would be horrible...but not the end of the world. Is it possible...?

'Look I better go,' she repeats. He doesn't. Partly because Mr. Bachelor has a few bits of Mr. Bachelor's knickers off himself. 'Go. You'll slip them.'

'Well then. How do I?' 'Look. Oh. Please.' Probably perhaps the knickers off. He gets her over his leg. Sharon's bare bottom. And of course she knows about. Grabbing. Putting. It's not possible to agree. Of course. Not that she did really agree. It was...

'No. Look. You're not...NIP... Stay awake. Yaps. Sounds like he's been here before in the last ten years. Mr. Bachelor going. This should be the end, it means they feel better.

Mr. Bachelor pouring a lot of more Mr. Bachelor's knickers. And then in Mr. Bachelor's room up to his room. Mr. Bachelor's. Against various names on the list there are roughly printed articles with some disbanding Mr. Bachelor's. When the mentioned list of his penis is the paper. A careful article is drawn against a previously un-awarded name.

While at the same time, by chance, although it is not wholly cheap, Sharon Smithfield is the owner she Sharon with two other girls is showing her up in the authority hole in a cabinet. Changing days, done.



# DID YOU GET IT??

If you didn't you soon will, because all the back numbers of your favourite magazines **BLUSHES**, **SUPPLEMENT**, **UNIFORM GIRLS** and **WHISPERS** are still available. Just send to the address below, we'll also send you some amazing special offers.

## What's Available

|                              |         |
|------------------------------|---------|
| BLUSHES No.1 to No.35        | £6 each |
| SUPPLEMENT No.1 to No.14     | £5 each |
| SUPPLEMENT No.15 to No.22    | £6 each |
| UNIFORM GIRLS No.1 to No.10  | £5 each |
| UNIFORM GIRLS No.11 to No.20 | £6 each |
| WHISPERS No.1 to No.7        | £5 each |



Post within Europe is free (Outside Europe add £1 per item).

We try for return of post and certainly send under plain cover.

Make Cheques and PO's payable to:  
'Bertrum Press', 15 Wastdale Road, London SE23



